A Memorial of

THOMAS HORACE CLELAND

BX
9225
.C56
C53

6cl

Library of The Theological Seminary
PRINCETON · NEW JERSEY

FROM THE LIBRARY OF
ROBERT ELLIOTT SPEER

BX 9225 .C56 C53
Cleland, Robert Glass, 1885-
1957.
The life of Thomas Horace
Cleland

THOMAS HORACE CLELAND

LIBRARY OF PRINCETON
NOV 14 1958
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

THE LIFE OF
Thomas Horace Cleland

A Memorial
Compiled by his Father
Written by his Brother

To Him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in His throne.—Rev. III, 21.

PRESS OF GEO. RICE & SONS
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Dedication

To Those Two

Who by example taught him service, sacrifice and faith,
and all the great things that a man should know.

PREFACE

The following pages were written for a single, simple purpose—that Horace Cleland, though dead, may yet speak to the young men and young women who shall perhaps read here the brief story of his brief life. The idea of such a Memorial was first suggested by the diary found after Horace's death, and by the large number of testimonials from friends and acquaintances bearing witness to his Christlike influence and character. His own life had been deeply stirred by the lives of Hugh Beaver, Rose and Pitkin—young men who lived for Christ and died joyfully in His service. His ideals and aspirations here on earth were the same as theirs. It is with the prayer that this little volume may have something of the uplifting power, in its limited scope, upon student life that their biographies have had, that we have sent it forth. Only this has induced us to give publicity to those intimate details and cherished memories we would not otherwise have spoken of to others.

"Horace's life was not great," you will say. No, not as the world counts greatness. Yet

great after all in the realities—in love, service, sacrifice; great, too, in its living influence—in men won from selfishness and sin unto Christ; in lives filled with steadfast purpose and high resolve; in lessons taught of purity and truth. Great, chiefly, because it was numbered among those who follow Christ whithersoever He goeth. It is given each of us to attain such greatness. Shall we not count it worth while?

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

BOYHOOD - - - - 11

CHAPTER II

COLLEGE - - - - - 18

CHAPTER III

SEMINARY - - - - 28

CHAPTER IV

CROWNED - - - - - 39

A Memorial to

Thomas Horace Cleland

CHAPTER I.

BOYHOOD.

They are idols of hearts and of households,
  They are angels of God in disguise,
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
  His glory still gleams in their eyes.
Those truants from home and from heaven,
  They have made me more manly and mild,
And I know now how Jesus could liken,
  The kingdom of God to a child.

CHAS. M. DICKMAN, "The Children."

THOMAS HORACE CLELAND was born May 19, 1882, in Shelby County, Kentucky, on the farm where one of his ancestors had made his home nearly a hundred years before. In his veins ran a trace of English blood, though for the most part he was Scotch-Irish by descent, the family tracing their lineage back to the days of Robert Bruce with whom they claim distant kinship.

In Memoriam

On his mother's side Horace was preeminently of pioneer stock. His great-great grandfather, an intimate friend of Daniel Boone, was among the first of those resolute frontiersmen who crossed the mountains westward from Virginia to settle in the newly discovered wilderness south of the Ohio. Here his cool daring and kindliness of heart made the name of Benjamin Logan universally respected, while the prominent part he took in the constant warfare with the Indians, together with the efforts he made toward the establishment of law and order among the oft-times rough and independent backwoodsmen, has linked that name inseparably with the early history of Kentucky.

Eliza, a granddaughter of Col. Benjamin Logan, married Dr. Robert Glass, a physician of Shelby county. Dr. Glass was a true Christian and a ruling elder in the Presbyterian church. His untimely death by cholera filled the entire community with gloom, for to ability he had added self-sacrifice and unstinted service.

Sallie, the younger of the two daughters that survived Dr. Glass, married Rev. R. W. Cleland of Lebanon, thus uniting two of the oldest and best known families of Kentucky. Mr. Cleland's grandfather, old Dr. Thomas Cleland, was, in his day, the most popular minister of the

state, and his son, Dr. Thomas Horace Cleland was scarcely less beloved. In addition, the family was closely related to the Wickliffes and Hardins—names borne by more than one of the great orators of Kentucky.

It was for his grandfather, Dr. Thomas Horace Cleland, that Horace was named. On both sides his predecessors had bequeathed him a good and honored lineage. They had united in him physical and moral vigor, quiet perserverance, steadfast determination, the willingness to serve for another's sake. More than all they had given him a father and mother who realized the responsibility of the trust of a life, and who were worthy of that trust.

As a boy Horace was bright, energetic, full of enthusiasm and gifted with a wonderful memory. Before he was three years old he had committed many poems and recitations with which he often amused his audiences both in the home and on the street. His voice was clear and strong, his enunciation distinct, and his delivery forceful and dramatic. He was a sunshiny, joyous child, sweet tempered and good humored but persistent. It was not easy for him to surrender. He always planned carefully and to the minutest details every undertaking, and he could not endure to see his plans miscarry. Disappointment went hard with him and this was a

matter of no little anxiety to his father and mother, who realized how often he would be called upon to endure failure and defeat in the coming years. The grace that enabled him afterwards to rejoice in the shattered purposes and broken plans of his life could have come from God alone.

One memorable night when he was nine years of age Horace said to his father, "Father, I want to unite with the church." His father questioned him as to his reasons and, after speaking of the solemnity of such a step, advised him to think and pray over it. The next night the boy sought his father again and gave his answer: "Father, I have done as you said. I feel I ought to unite with the church." In the same way he answered, of his own accord, the call to the gospel ministry; and afterwards the appeal Christ makes from other lands.

With the exception of six months during which his parents resided in Mt. Sterling, Ky., Horace spent the first four years of his life in his native county of Shelby. From 1886 to 1889, his father was pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Owensboro, and here as everywhere the lad was a great favorite. In 1889 the family moved to Duarte, California, Mr. Cleland taking charge of the Presbyterian churches in the neighboring towns of Azusa and Monrovia.

Three years later, owing to the growth of his work, he gave up his church in Monrovia and transferred his residence to Azusa. Here Horace graduated from grammar and high school.

Horace's boyhood was the natural outgrowth of the traits he had displayed as a child. He always ranked among the first in his classes, yet did his work not for praise or reward but for its own sake. He prized his home life above everything else and was his "mother's boy"—nor can higher tribute be paid to any lad. Caring little for solitude, he loved company and was universally popular among his playmates. Hunting and fishing held no special attractions for him, but in swimming, tennis, and many other forms of outdoor sport he excelled, having the happy faculty of keeping his physical and mental natures in even balance. A strong tribute to his life at this time comes from Professor H. H. McCutchan, for four years Horace's principal in grammar school, who writes:

"Horace Cleland entered the sixth grade of the Azusa City Grammar School when he was ten years old and at the age of fourteen was graduated from the ninth grade. There was no schoolmate who did not feel the influence of his kind and generous nature; no teacher who did not recognize his loyal, industrious efforts. On the playground and in the school room his cheerful patience and sunny disposition endeared him to every one; and so deeply did his Christian personality impress itself on his associates

that he will always be remembered as one who was an inspiration to his schoolmates and a comfort to his teacher."

The clerk of the session of the Azusa church voices the same opinion, when in forwarding the resolutions passed by the congregation at the time of Horace's death, he adds:

"We had high hopes of his future career in the Master's service, especially after his summer's work in our pulpit. Oh, how earnestly he preached Jesus! A friend said the other day, 'If Horace is called home he need have no regrets. Even from the time he was in grammar school his influence on his companions has been so strongly for the right that to have accomplished what he has in that way alone, is to have lived a complete life.' "

So as a lad Horace lived his life in "simpleness and gentleness and honor and clean mirth." He was not perfect, only natural and wholesome. Yet even at this age he was beginning to exert an influence for good on those around him that was so deeply to characterize him in later years.

In September 1896, Horace entered Citrus Union High School. Here his life, even as it had been in grammar school, was glad and joyous, studious and earnest. He won popularity without the lowering of ideals, and formed friendships without the sacrifice of principle. From one of his closest companions at this time comes the following heartfelt testimony, giving us a description of the maturer character of his life as his fellows viewed it.

" 'Think truly and thy thoughts shall the world's famine feed
Speak truly, and each word shall be a fruitful seed.
Live truly and thy life shall be a great and noble creed.' "

"Had Mr. Bonar, as he wrote these lines, had the life of Horace Cleland in view he could scarcely have found words more characteristic of that life. Although Horace was but a boy when in high school he will be remembered by those who knew him as a genial friend and companion, with that happy look on his face or some witticism on his lips. In his studies he was unquestionably at the head of his classes, whether in mathematics, science or literature. Over and above all these traits stood forth his noble Christian character—a character that condemned the wrong and befriended the right regardless of consequences. The words of President Baer of Occidental College at Horace's funeral.—'We are not here to mourn a defeat but to celebrate a victory,' could well have been spoken had Horace been called away by his Master even during his high school days.

"I know of no more appropriate lines to express what I believe to have always been Horace's ambition than those given us by Jean Ingelow:

'I am glad to think
I am not bound to make the wrong right,
But only to discover and do,
With cheerful heart the work that God appoints.' "

It was the same ambition, in some measure at least on Horace's part, that One had who made it His meat and drink to do without question His Father's will and to accomplish His work. Is any other ambition worth while?

CHAPTER II.

COLLEGE.

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to soverign power.
And, because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.

Tennyson—Œnone.

Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.

Philippians, IV, 8.

AFTER his graduation from high school Horace entered Occidental College as a freshman, giving up opportunities of going to firmly established institutions that he might cast in his lot with those who were striving to keep alive the cause of Presbyterian education on the Pacific Coast. Such a decision was not made without sacrifice, for his ideals of the privileges and pleasures rightfully belonging to a college man were high. He realized he would lose much by going to a struggling college like Occidental, where the student was necessarily handicapped by lack of facilities and equipment, and where the enroll-

ment was a mere handful. More than all else, however, he feared the future extinction of his Alma Mater, at one time writing that he would not object to the small college if only he were sure it would live and become something in later years. Temptations came to him from time to time to enter other and larger colleges and universities but he put them resolutely aside, foregoing personal ambition for the sake of the institution of his own denomination. Occidental has never had a more loyal son, and her present prosperity and rank rests upon sacrifices such as he made in the past days of adversity.

In college Horace was even more popular than in high school. Because of this and his unquestioned ability he was three times elected manager of the college paper and for several seasons served in like capacity for the football and track teams. As an athelete also he won a lasting reputation. During the three years in which he ran for the college he was never beaten by a Southern California man in the hundred or two-twenty yard dashes. In every contest "Old King," as he was called, was counted on for two firsts and only once, in a meet with Stanford University, did he fail to win them.

Even in his athletics Horace sought to win men for his Master. He trained and ran for the sake of the college, but also with the right idea

that an athlete has an influence over certain men that no other student has. It was such men that Horace wanted for Christ. This desire was the ruling passion of his college life, and its influence was strongly felt in the work of the Young Men's Christian Association of which he was president at one time. The college was small but the leaders among the undergraduates were men of stalwart Christian character who set high ideals for their own lives and the student life of their Alma Mater. The result of their efforts was the formation of a Christian manhood that has left its impress forever upon the college. It was a manhood that made no apology for its faith, and scorned the cowardice of shame.

Something of an idea of the work done by Horace in the Young Men's Christian Association may be gained from the words of Watson B. Burt spoken at the memorial services. Mr. Burt was intimately associated with Horace as a boy and was afterwards a student in the academy when Horace was a Junior in college. Mr. Burt was twice president of the student body, during his college course. He said:

"I am stirred when I think of how much Horace would make of such an opportunity to speak a word for Jesus Christ. For if there was any one salient feature of Horace's life it was his eagerness to advance the cause of the Son of God. How fittingly we sang at the opening

of this memorial service for him, 'More Love to Thee, O Christ, More Love to Thee!' That is the hymn that Horace Cleland's life is still singing to you and me.

"I am to tell you something of his work in the college Y. M. C. A. I cannot tell you all, for he did much quiet work and the Keeper of the Book of Life has many an act and word of his of which you and I will never know. On our college seal is engraved the Greek word 'Christos.' So most certainly was Christ engraved on the heart of him we mourn today. In like manner his own life has been imprinted on the whole life of this college. Those within the Christian Associations feel it in the inspiration of his example of work; those without the Associations feel it in the gripping force of that thing known as 'Occidental Spirit,' for Horace was a pioneer of that spirit.

"I shall never forget the first Y. M. C. A. meeting I attended in Occidental six years ago. It was led by 'King' Cleland as we called him, and he had chosen for his text,'The King's Business Requireth Haste.' It was in response to his appeal in that meeting that I made it known in Occidental that I was a Christian. Where most Christians are weak, Horace was strong, in that he was active in personal work. I mention only one instance to show this. In the old days all the students sat in the Chapel of the present academy building in double seats. My own seat-mate had run up against a snag in his life and was in great difficulty. As he afterwards told me it was Horace who helped him out.

"It is my fortune that I knew Horace when a boy. We were playmates together and it is to him that I am indebted for an early example of a young Christian character. I worshiped him as a small boy does a big boy—a hero worship if you will. I admired him as a young man does an older, stronger man. I respected him as an under-

classman does a worthy upper-classman. I loved him as one Christian worker does another.

"There are three features of Horace's work in the Association that have remained with me—his activity, sincerity, purpose. Horace was no sloth. He was always busy, always to be relied upon. There was no sham about him. He delighted most in the hardest tasks. His ideals were an inspiration to his fellow students; his purpose always—the Will of God.

"Horace Cleland was a leader. Do you appreciate the nickname his fellows gave him? We called him 'King' because he earned the title on the athletic field, in the class-room, in literary or religious meeting—alone or in company, on the campus or down town. And I thank God that I can know that Horace is today wearing his kingly crown of glory.

"On the tomb of Wesley in Westminster Abbey is the inscription—'God buries his workmen but He carries on His work.' Horace Cleland has gone from us, but he has left us his heritage. Occidental is the richer for his life. Do you not feel his spirit urging you to turn from your self-interest, your shallowness to live a truer life, to work harder for his Master and yours?"

It was thus that Horace made his influence felt on those around him. His religion was without hypocrisy or sham—a thing not of convenience or season but the very bone and sinew of life.

During his Junior and Senior years Horace was often engaged in deputation work, speaking in the pulpits of the surrounding churches, on behalf of the Student Volunteer and Y. M. C. A.

work. After one of these meetings in Santa Barbara, Dr. Carrier, the pastor of the church, wrote Horace's father a letter from which the following extract is taken. Dr. Carrier is one of the best known ministers of the coast. His letter is dated Sept., 1902, when Horace was beginning his third year in college:

"Your son won the hearts of us all by his admirable address on the Sunday morning when he spoke in our pulpit. He gave so unaffectedly, so simply and withal so earnestly an account of Christian work in our colleges that the attention of all, old and young, was held enchained by him. The delightful spiritual savor pervading his whole manner of presenting the subject had for many of us an especial charm."

One of the most helpful influences in Horace's own life was the yearly conference of the Young Men's Christian Association at Pacific Grove. He attended all that were held during his college course, and was constantly striving to increase the size of the Occidental delegation. He solicited money, led meetings, and urged his fellows personally to attend these conferences because he realized from his own experience the lasting good that would come into their lives. At Pacific Grove Horace formed many warm friendships with men from other colleges and with the Conference leaders. Among the latter probably none had a stronger influence upon him than Horace Rose. In him Horace saw his ideal of

a college man, and the passion of Horace Rose "to burn a path of light for Jesus Christ" became the passion of Horace Cleland also. The early death of Rose made a deep impression on his young friend who began to realize that with some indeed "the King's business requireth haste."

It was at one of the first of the Conferences that Horace attended that he signed the Student Volunteer Declaration. At birth he had been consecrated to God by his parents—a child lent to the Lord as long as he might live. It was their earnest desire that he might become a foreign missionary, and when he was three weeks old he had been claimed for India by Dr. J. J. Lucas, the friend and classmate of his father. But neither father nor mother had endeavored to control Horace's choice of life work, and when the call came, it came from God.

The same earnest enthusiasm that marked Horace as an athlete or student marked him also as a Student Volunteer. The claims of other lands had taken such strong hold upon his own life that he could unfalteringly urge those claims on those around him, and the voice of Jesus Christ had sounded so clearly in his own ears that he realized it was calling others also. What he had come to recognize himself, he strove to make real to his fellow-students—that discipleship means obedience, and obedience, service; and

service ofttimes sacrifice. Because he felt that these essentials were sometimes lacking in the lives of those who had made great professions, and because he feared they might be lacking in his own life, he was constantly mindful of the Master's reproach to His disciples—"For why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things that I say?"

That Horace's eagerness and enthusiasm did not go for naught is shown by a letter written to his parents the day after his death, by a young woman who is now fitting herself for missionary service. After speaking of the hundredfold that comes to those who have made some great sacrifice for Christ, she adds:

"I am so thankful that God brought me to Occidental where I came under the inspiration of such a life. It was largely Horace's influence that led me to give my life to the Master, willing to go where He wanted me to go. And today I am praying, because of his life, that such may be my consecration that my life too may count for something.

"When I was a Freshman, Horace led the meeting on the Day of Prayer for Colleges. Its key-note of obedience to Christ is ringing in my thoughts yet, and ever will be. So the hundredfold, of which you two will share, will be the souls brought to the light by those of us who shall go to the dark places of the earth in his stead; and in those who are brought to Christ from among his circle of friends; and in those whose hearts are awakened to a deeper consecration."

In Memoriam

The same note of the complete effectiveness of Horace's life is also struck by Mr. Arthur Rugh, a man whose friendship Horace counted among his choice possessions. The two met at Pacific Grove and were first drawn together by their mutual interest in missions, of which department Rugh had charge. Afterwards, on his visits to Occidental as Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, Rugh always made the Cleland home his stopping place. Later when he took up the work of the Young Men's Christian Association in Shanghai, China, he corresponded with Mrs. Cleland. The following extract is taken from a letter written after Horace's death. Even across the Pacific Ocean he finds results of his friends's life. He writes:

"Somehow Occidental College has always had a special hold upon me and among them all I knew Horace best and loved him most. I find in his letters several references to the day when our special friendship began in a walk along the rocky shore at Pacific Grove. From that day on I think we were more than ordinary friends. I shall not attempt to tell his mother about him but I do want to put on record that for rugged manliness, pure religious life, and likeness to his gentle, mother-like Lord he will stay in my mind as one of the miracles of Christ's power until I see him again. His work was done. I have met in China more than a few men who knew him in Seminary or at the Conferences and who will depend upon the memory of him for part of their strength for their work here. * * * Through the years we will remember

the lives that will be made new by the life he lived and the work he did."

Horace could influence men and women to give their lives to Christ without reserve, because he had so given his. Robert E. Speer has said of Henry Ward Camp that "he graduated from college with high honor; but, what is more, with the deep love of men who had seen no flaw in him, and some of whom he had won to his Savior." The same words might also have been spoken of Horace Cleland.

CHAPTER III.

SEMINARY.

* * * * No life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.
* * * * Honest love, honest sorrow,
Honest work for the day, honest hope for the morrow,
Are these worth nothing more than the hand they make weary
The heart they have saddened, the life they leave dreary?
Owen Meredith—Lucile.

After Horace's graduation from college he entered Princeton Seminary from which his father and grandfather had both graduated. The three years spent there were years of growth and power. His life during this period has been compiled and written by John M. Newkirk, his close friend, for one year his classmate in college and throughout the Seminary course.

HORACE CLELAND entered Princeton Theological Seminary in the fall of 1903 and graduated therefrom in 1906 after taking the regular course. He also received the degree of Master of Arts from Princeton University in June, 1906. These were years of quiet growth, of steady maturity.

Seven months of each year were spent in the

unceasing grind of Seminary work. The two long summer vacations he passed with his parents in California, where he preached as opportunity offered. The first winter holidays we spent together in New York City—two lonesome lads we were at Christmas, far from home and knowing scarcely anyone in the city. Horace passed his other holidays in Kentucky visiting friends and relations.

He took no part in the social life off the campus at Princeton, not making half a dozen calls in three years. But he took a great interest in all the activities of the University. He read the Daily Princetonian carefully, and kept informed of what was to happen on the campus. He attended very many of the lectures, debates and other University meetings. He also attended most of the student gatherings; the "cane-spree," the "cannon-rush," the gymnastic and wrestling exhibitions. He trained each spring, running the hundred and two-twenty yard dashes and winning several medals. He was also elected a member of Clio Hall. In fact I know of no other Seminary student who took as much pleasure in the varied phases of the University life.

Almost everyone in writing of Horace after his death gave testimony that they had been

impressed with Cleland's zeal in the advancement of missionary work in foreign lands.

When we entered the Seminary, we found that there was much less interest in mission study than we had expected. A dozen men had enrolled in a course on Home Missions, while there were two small classes organized for the study of Foreign Missions, attended mostly by Student Volunteers. The men who most needed awakening were not being reached. At the first meeting of the study class we joined, half a dozen came. Horace and I had planned to leave early to attend a University lecture. But after we had left the room Horace said to me, "John, this isn't right. There are a lot of men that ought to join this class and would if we went at it right." So we stood there in the hall and talked the matter over. Then we returned to the room and interrupted the class and roused them to act. The next day Horace and I were appointed a committee on Mission Study in the Junior Class. We canvassed the class carefully, and soon twenty four were enrolled in Mission Study. Organization, system and energy are needed in the Lord's work as much as in business.

The next year the Y. M. C. A. made Mission Study a separate department, of which I was made chairman. There were eighty-four men from the Seminary enrolled. A number of these

men have since volunteered and gone to foreign fields as missionaries. I had a letter recently from one of them in China, crediting me with this result, but it should be known that the first impulse of this movement came from Horace Cleland.

In his Middle and Senior years Horace was made chairman of the Missionary fund committee, which had charge of raising the salary, or part of the salary of a missionary. Our first year the students gave, I think, about three hundred dollars. Horace introduced a system by which each student was asked at the beginning of the year to pledge a definite amount for each of the seven months. This system took careful bookkeeping and one or two men to act as collectors, but Horace, who loved detail, was just the man for the place. Almost all the students contributed something, and in our Senior year Horace had the pleasure of handing over one thousand dollars! More important than the amount raised is the fact that a large body of young ministers were trained in the habit of missionary giving and learned the value of system in raising such funds. In its wide results in the pastorates of these men, this is perhaps the greatest work that Horace did. In addition the impulse given to the cause of missions is still powerfully felt among the Seminary students

of today. During the year 1907-8 nine classes were organized and one hundred and seven men were enrolled, while the contributions amounted to over fifteen hundred dollars in cash and two hundred and sixty dollars in pledges.

The place Horace gave to God's will in his life is illustrated by the following incident, taken from a letter written by one of his classmates:

"One night at the beginning of our first Seminary year, after Robert Speer had been speaking to the men on the personal responsibility to go to the foreign field, Cleland and I took a walk and we were talking about the address and speaking our opinions as to what might be God's will for us. I remember to have said to him: 'I would be afraid to remain at home if I thought that God wanted me abroad.' To which he replied: 'Yes that is the way I feel about it. I would have no peace of mind if I were not at work where God wanted me.' "

Horace was a thorough student and did faithful work in all his classes. His scholarship was considerably above the average. One of his classmates, the president of the Seminary Y. M. C. A. and one of the strongest men of the Seminary, lays special emphasis on this conscientiousness in all things that he undertook:

"Over the memory of Horace Cleland in my life, there is engraved in living letters the word 'Faithful.' It was my privilege to know him very intimately for three years at Princeton. We were much together under many circumstances and in many different lines of work and play, and in every thing and under every circumstance was he

faithful. There were few in our class who were so faithful in the taking of notes in the class room as was he, while his fidelity to his study gave him place well up at the top of his class.

"Then in the Y. M. C. A. work, if there was anything to be done where faithful work was especially required, it was given to Horace. He was asked to take hold of one department of the Association work which had not been much emphasized in the past and his faithful work raised it to a standard, which with one possible exception, was never equalled before in the history of the Association. He was faithful to his friends and that is why we loved him. But above all and over all he was faithful to his Master. The way he kept his morning hour of devotion was always a lesson to me. And it was a privilege to know the power of his prayer life.

"When I read, 'Be thou faithful unto death and I will give you a crown of life,' I almost instinctively think of Horace, and in my quiet moments I have thought I could almost hear the Master saying unto him, 'Well done, good and faithful servant * * * enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.' The memory of his faithful life will always be an inspiration to me."

From the following letters from some of his fellow-students in the Seminary we can gain an idea of other traits of character that impressed themselves on those around him.

One of his friends writes this letter:

"I had written Horace shortly after his coronation day, not knowing that he had been called to a higher life. What a glorious thing it is that this world may have the fragrance of such noble Christlike lives. Indeed, he neither lived nor died in vain, and now Christ is all in all.

In Memoriam

To me Horace was a fellow radiant with joy, love, life, happiness, service,—and above all with Christ. I got to love him very much, in class we often sat together, and we used one another's notes for copying, and the Y. M. C. A. brought us close together,—but because I did not live on the campus I never got as close to him as I wanted, for to have a friendship like his was a treasure. I soon found that he gave much time to prayer, although he never paraded his religion; but that was his power house. He lived very close to Christ. I don't think I ever saw him but that he had that wonderful smile of his, and *everything* was always 'all right,' showing his perfect faith in his God of Love, which he manifested up to the last. His memory will always be a sweet incense in my life and inspiration.

'There never yet was flower fair in vain * * *
Nor is a true soul ever born for naught.' "

Another is impressed with his outshining love:

"I heard of Horace's home-going almost as soon as I came back to this country, in August. What can we say but, 'His will be done,' who does all things well. It was an early promotion and one well earned.

"Of Horace's Seminary life what can I say? Its beauty was in atmosphere rather than in incidents. Two enthusiasms he had—for devoted Bible study and for Missions. One outstanding passive virtue he showed, a genuine, boyish humility about his own intellectual powers, though he was one of the strong men of the class. But really *the* characteristic thing about Horace Cleland's life as I knew him was just whole-souled brotherliness. He was one of those Christlike Christians who wish to 'Live in a house by the side of the road, and be a friend of man.' It will never cease to be one of the blessings of my life that I knew and loved him."

A third found in him a source of "sweetness and light."

"I owe much to Horace. His beautiful spirit, his genuine manliness, his sweet, strong nature, his fairness and equinimity, were a constant inspiration to me. I have never known a higher type of Christian gentleman.

"In the turbulent atmosphere of our club life Horace was always a conciliator. He often warmly championed some needed reform, but with rare wisdom, tact and courtesy, and was always ready to honor the judgment of others and effect a compromise or to acquiesce in the will of the majority. I never knew of one enemy of Horace's. He certainly never deserved one.

"One of my sweetest memories of Princeton is that of the many walks over the golf links and through the by-paths and the glimpses into the inner life of some of the fellows. Horace was always a most congenial companion, and many a gaze I had into the clear, clean depth of his soul, always to my betterment. None could ever come into close touch with him without recognizing a choice spirit, big soul, truly a man of God. His big heart, clear mind, culture and simplicity and his loyalty to Jesus in the minutest details of his life all pointed to his bigness and to me it always seemed no man in the Seminary had a better prospect of certain greatness than Horace. But the Master called, and Horace answered, willingly, and went. Yes, went home. But still he lingers here in the memories and affections and characters of all the men who knew him. He lived not in vain."

The president of the class, David S. Tappan, in a letter to Horace's parents says:

"There were few boys as popular with his classmates as he was. He was my main standby in the Volunteer

Band, always willing to help in whatever we had to do. As president of our class I want also to express to you for my fellow classmates, our love for your son, and the debt each of us feels for the example he set for us. He is the first to be called higher. May each of us remember his ideals and purpose and strive to accomplish the work that he so longed to do for Christ."

Reference will be made to Peale, whose martyr's death in the fall of 1905 so deeply stirred the students of the Seminary who had known and loved him. He and Horace were sincere in their friendship and mutually devoted to their Lord's great work. Several have spoken of the likeness existing between the characters of these two, who followed Christ joyfully, even unto death. This comes from one of Peale's classmates:

"Not since Jack Peale whom we all loved so much went away with a martyr's crown upon his head have I felt the shock of anything like I have the news of dear old Horace's death. He was so *strong* everyway. Horace's was a life lived so close to Jesus Christ and so much in accord with his will that his home-going seems more like the return of a son who has been away a long while. The thought of Horace over there makes the Homeland seem so much nearer and dearer."

From Paoting fu, China, from one that had known Horace intimately for many years, a fellow student in college and for two years his roommate in the Seminary, comes this tribute:

"I think I knew Horace as well as almost anyone out-

side the family and I count it a privilege to have known him so intimately. He was true, pure, earnest, sincere and loyal to his Master. I have been greatly influenced by his life, and now his death has made me cry to God that He will enable me with greater zeal and consecration to throw myself into the work for which Horace had prepared himself. His influence will still live. It was strong for purity and loyalty to God both at Occidental and Princeton. I know I am better for having been in so close touch with him."—*Dwight C. Chapin.*

But it was not only on the young man of his own age that Horace's life impressed itself. Dr. Warfield, Professor of Systematic Theology in Princeton Seminary wrote his parents:

"It must be a great comfort to you to know that his heart was so sound and sweet and pure, and that his constant endeavor was to make his life a fit gift for the Lord. Lives like his brighten the path for others to tread, and you may be sure that it was not lived in vain."

His work in the churches of Southern California during the summer vacations and in those close to Princeton during the sessions of the Seminary was not without fruit and gave great promise of his future usefulness.

Rev. Malcolm J. McLeod of Pasadena, in whose church Horace spoke three or four times, wrote:

"We were always pleased and uplifted by his message. His earnestness and consecration shone out of every feature. He was a rare boy—too rare I sometimes think for this world—with a pure mind, a brave heart, a devoted spirit."

In Memoriam

Rev. A. B. Prichard of the Central Presbyterian church, Los Angeles, wrote three days after Horace's death:

"* * * I feel we should not only extend sympathy to you (his parents) but congratulation. Those of us who had even a slight acquiantance with dear Horace realized that he was a young man of rarely beautiful character. His message to my people last summer left an ineffaceable impression, and again and again my own children have spoken of the interest created in their own hearts. It is high honor to have been the parents of such a saint."

CHAPTER IV.

CROWNED.

God's plans, like lilies, pure and white unfold;
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet with sandals loose may rest,
Where we shall clearly see and understand
I think that we will say, "God knew the best."
May Riley Smith.

No, when the fight begins with himself,
A man's worth something.—
Browning—Men and Women.

God's finger touched him, and he slept.
Tennyson—In Memoriam.

NEAR the close of his senior year at Princeton Horace was offered the position of travelling secretary of the Student Volunteer movement from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Coast. From a personal view point he would probably have declined, but realizing the greatness of the opportunity and feeling that such preparation would stand him in good stead in his future work, he sent in his acceptance to the International Committee. Soon after graduation he started for the Y. M. C. A. Conference at Gerheart Park,

Oregon, to take charge of the missionary department. But some two days before reaching his destination he was stricken with sickness. For almost a week he carried on his work, but was finally forced to drop it and hasten home. The trip wore him down greatly and he reached Long Beach completely exhausted.

The physicians pronounced his case one of pleurisy, for the relief of which two operations were necessary. These were borne unflinchingly and proved in a measure successful. But there were many weary days before the patient regained even a fraction of his lost strength. Just how weary these days were none of us, perhaps, will ever know. For fifteen years and more, Horace had never felt a touch of sickness, and now at the very end of preparation and the beginning of a larger life of service the unexpected had come upon him. But there was no word of complaint or impatience, though the struggle was none the less severe because it was fought alone and in silence. The following extract from his diary shows the completeness of the victory:

"Nov. 19, 1906. Six months ago on my birthday I made the last entry. Never before in my life have six months been so different from what I had expected and planned as have the six months ending today. I do not know why everything has been so altered, but I thank Him for it all for He has led me through it all and His

will is best. I would not change things back to the way I had expected them to be if I could.

"Lord Jesus, take these last six months and use them for thy glory. There has been much of sin and evil in them—forgive it and overrule it. I thank Thee for the way Thou hast dealt with me, for the sickness and the changed plans. And now my prayer is that through these next six months Thou would'st keep me very near Thyself—nearer than I have ever been before. Become more real to me my Savior and let my life always be a power for Thee and never against Thee."

Realizing that it would be some months at least before he could continue his work as Student Volunteer secretary, Horace forwarded his resignation to the International Committee in the early part of July, thus adding another bitter drop to his cup of disappointment.

None of us, of course, can say whether or not Horace would have made a successful secretary had he been allowed to act longer in that capacity, but certainly he had all the necessary qualifications. Himself an athlete, understanding young men, naturally a leader, overmastered by a passion for his work, he gave high promise of becoming a power for the cause of Christ among the students of the Pacific States. Even those who had known him but a short time came to love him readily. Mr. F. P. Turner, General Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, wrote after his death:

"There is to me a personal loss for I had come to love

him very deeply indeed, although I had not known him intimately until he accepted the call to become a travelling secretary. While he was with us only a short time he endeared himself to all of us and we came to love him very, very much * * * But I wanted you to know that the sympathy of one who loved your son goes out to you."

It was because the strong qualities men naturally love were in Horace's character that he won their affections and thus could lead them into his Master's service.

As soon as Horace had sufficiently recovered from his illness he was taken to his Uncle's ranch near the mountains where his strength gradually returned. By the middle of fall he was able to preach occasionally, but the perfect health he had once known was gone forever and his eager desire to continue his work was restrained by weakness. He had become well enough, however, by December to attend the Conference at Pacific Grove where he led a class in foreign missions, and he also took a Study in the Life of Christ for which no other leader felt equipped. Perhaps it was the deeper consecration that had come to him through his sickness that led him to do this, perhaps it was an unconscious knowledge that for him the night would shortly come and his work must be done quickly if done at all. Certainly his whole life seemed filled to overflowing with the spirit and love of his Master, so that

one of the Occidental delegation to that Conference wrote: "At Pacific Grove I heard man after man say that the one who had gotten closest to them and helped them most was Horace Cleland."

After his return from the Conference, Horace continued preaching whenever he was able and by the middle of January was usually conducting two services a week, while his health seemed decidedly improved. But the appearance was deceptive, and on the 4th of February he was seized with a fever that for four months burned away his life. The battle he had thought won must be fought over again and Horace settled down to do his Lord's will in submission as he had hoped to do it in service. Only now and then in his diary did he show how the mystery and disappointment of it all came over him.

After some six or eight weeks he was taken to the country again in hopes that the change might prove beneficial, but near the middle of May he returned home, not in any immediate danger but with only a slight prospect of final recovery. It was at this time that he passed through his Gethsemane; and it is well for those of us who loved him that we cannot know the full anguish of those dark hours "when through the bitter night the Lord came down to tread the winepress."

In Memoriam

On the 19th day of May came Horace's birthday. Since his return from the country he had seemingly gained in strength and it looked as though he might be himself again in time. But a relapse occurred, and on the 13th of June, the commencement day of his college, the doctor told him that the end was not far distant. He had been expecting the message for some time, and as he spoke of it to his mother his eyes turned to a motto that had hung on his bed throughout his sickness. It read: "O taste and see that the Lord is good," and once more the presence of One, who Himself had known disappointment and suffering, brought peace and contentment. Two days later, through the full glory of the long summer afternoon, Horace joyfully slipped away "to stand forever before his Father's face."

In accordance with his wish the funeral was held in the college chapel. Rev. Josiah Sibley of Long Beach, with whom his father was associated, conducted the services, but the simple messages of farewell were spoken as Horace had desired by his warm personal friend, President Baer, and by his oldest and best beloved professors, Dr. J. A. Gordon and W. E. Stevenson. It was an hour when death stood stripped of its illusions and triumph took the place of defeat and sorrow.

Crowned

Wrote a personal friend, Mrs. Stuart of Pasadena:

"I have just returned from the most beautiful funeral I have ever attended. When the death of your dear one was announced on Sabbath morning my heart went out in great sympathy for you all, but today I feel as though I had been sitting in a lovely room where there had been a translation instead of a death—a coronation instead of a burial—a lovely room where peace instead of sorrow was a guest.".

The body was laid to rest in the quiet cemetery of Monrovia, and over it the world old mountains keep their changeless watch until the King comes to His own once more.

At the request of President Baer and of the Young Men's Christian Association a memorial service for Horace was held in the college chapel at the opening of the fall term following his death. At that service President Baer and Professor Stevenson repeated the words they had spoken at the funeral, while Dan S. Hammack, '05, one of Horace's most inseparable friends, spoke for the Alumni, and Watson B. Burt, president of the Student Body, for that organization. Mr. Burt's address has been inserted elsewhere; the other three are appended below:

President Baer:

"We are not here this morning to mourn a defeat, but to celebrate a victory. Horace Cleland lives! True, we

would not have decided that his young and useful life should have so early begun in heaven, but he had given his life to the King and the King had need of him in heaven instead of upon earth. Blessed be the name of the King. Our eyes are filled to overflowing and yet we say with all faith, 'Blessed be the name of the Lord.'

"In these days of wavering faith on the part of some, it was a positive uplift to sit by the death-bed of Horace Cleland. As fast as I could I travelled from my home after receiving the message that he desired to see me. At his request we were left alone. We talked of his willingness to go and of his unwillingness to stay, knowing that it would only be moments before he would be with his Lord and Master. His hopes for Occidental were outlined; his love for his Alma Mater was expressed; his loyalty to her ideals and traditions was little less than a passion in death. The peace of mind and strength of soul-life as his bodily strength slipped away was a real tonic to me. Iron came into my blood as I saw this young man's joy. As we talked and prayed it seemed to me as though I could almost see through the gate. There was a reality of the Christian life that I have seldom seen expressed in actual experience. I verily believe until I join him in that great heavenly city, the sweet, heartening influence of his last moments here on earth will be with me, holding me to Jesus Christ and eternal life. It was in some ways painfully startling to have him plan for his funeral services. Every detail had been arranged by him and we are following his will and his pleasure. His body, so sadly shrunken, lies stilled in death, but again I say, Horace Cleland lives! He will never die!

"Young men, young women, his death should make our lives sweeter and surer. I covet for every one of us Horace Cleland's loyalty for Occidental. When at Princeton, he was among the first of the men in the East who urged

me to throw in my life with this institution. Enthusiastic ever, he imparted that spirit to others. His mantle was a large one and falls upon us all. Lift it up and appropriate it and all of its responsibilities, and Occidental will be enriched by your lives as it has been made rich by his. His was worth while.

"I see him now as he stood on this platform on the last 'Day of Prayer for Colleges.' His message was a personal one, a convincing one. Direct and true, it made many of us desire to 'advance a step' in our walk with Jesus Christ. Horace Cleland never blurred the line between first and second choices; between good and bad. God be praised for his life. God be praised for his victorious death. He has entered the gates. Who follows in his train?"

Dan S. Hammack on behalf of the Alumni:

"The world gauges a calamity in the last analysis by the amount of property destroyed. Last commencement day the number of graduates of this college was considerably swelled. But slowly the scales were dropping, and on the 15th we suffered a loss which we cannot reduce to any tangible quantity, for heartaches and soul-sorrows can not be expressed in dollars and cents.

"Occidental lost a friend when Horace Cleland died. Eight years ago this month he came to college as a freshman. You came to a college firmly established, he to one struggling. His advantages were not so numerous as yours, but it is not so much what a man accomplishes that counts as how much he makes use of his opportunities. Horace Cleland made the most of them.

"Four years passed and in 1903 he graduated from Occidental. The college was still small but its future was assured. In my opinion Horace Cleland contributed more than any other one student to establish that thing

we know as the Occidental College Spirit. Let anyone who would lower it in anyway beware!

"Three years more passed and Horace had finished his Seminary course ready for any work to which he was called, seemingly on the threshold of a long and useful life. He started for Gerheart to take up his work as Travelling Secretary of the Volunteer Movement on the Pacific Coast but on the way a sickness seized him. He was soon brought home, never to really recover. Perhaps God was trying him by that year of ill-health. If so, he was not found wanting. Never did he fail to see God's purpose in it all. The physical weakened, but the spiritual never.

"For long years he had planned to be a minister; in college he signed the Volunteer card. But on June 15th he answered a Higher Call. God needed him up there. He answered the summons with a smile. Just before he sank for the last time, he said: 'Well, it's all right, I'm going now.' And to one crying beside him he said, 'Why do you cry when I am so happy?' * * * A little later we laid his body away.

"In a very different connection, Kipling says in one of his poems, speaking of a disappointed, disheartened man who had been dealt a great blow: 'Some of him lived but the most of him died.' When we consider the life and death of Horace Cleland, and what he has meant and still means to us, we can say: 'Some of him died, but the most of him lived!'

"You have heard the story of Peale, that great Princeton friend of Horace's who went to China expecting to give forty years of service and to whom death came at the end of four days at his station. Peale's death aroused Princeton as nothing else could ever have done. Instead of one man in China there will be men all over the world

as a result of his death. And that must be the result of Horace's death on this college. In the seven years of our friendship I never knew him to swerve an iota from the right. You who heard those extracts from his diary know the depth of his consecration to his Master. The church is crippled by his death. Some of us must fill the breach. His work in this country and on the foreign field must be cared for. That is the call for us today—service. If we are better for having known Horace Cleland how are we going to show it?

"Many of you have heard the story of the Brig Boxer's fight with a larger English vessel during the war of 1812. After a time the American was told to strike his colors. He replied that he could not strike them, they were nailed to the mast. Cleland's colors were nailed to the mast. Are ours to be blown down by every gust of opposition? Will we take up his work?

"He has gone from us, yet still lives among us; we hear his voice no more yet can listen to his spirit urging us to be true. We are touched no more by his hand yet we feel the inspiration of his life. He has been promoted. We are his substitutes here. Will we do our duty?

" 'He fought a good fight, he finished his course, he kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for him a crown of righteousness * * * and not for him only but for all those who love His appearing.' "

Prof. W. E. Stevenson:

"Eight years ago, Horace Cleland and I met for the first time in Occidental College. We have been living together ever since. At times, three thousand miles of space have separated us; but the heart annihilates distance, and love overleaps continents,—and we have been living together all the time. And we are living together now. There is, my friends, a life that never ends, and you and I

—and Horace Cleland—are living it together now,—we on earth, he, in heaven.

"But at first, we did live together in the sense in which the expression is commonly used; for we met day after day for months and years. It happened at the time of our first meeting that he was pupil and that I was teacher, but we were both strangers amid an environment that was new to us. Naturally, therefore, our relations became such as to justify me today in speaking with unwavering confidence of my friend. For, Horace Cleland and I were friends. Were friends? Horace Cleland and I *are* friends; for I know that now I have one more friend in heaven.

"The conscientious preparation he had made for his life-work, will never be converted into actual service among men; but it was not in vain. How often have we heard him speak with enthusiasm of Hugh Beaver and of Horace Tracy Pitkin and of other heroic young men who had entered upon a great work here only to be called home. And there are in this chapel men who heard the masterly and sympathetic address that our Horace made at Princeton at the memorial service to Jack Peale. The men who had been Peale's fellow students during his course in the Seminary, who had seen the almost matchless efficiency of his work, who had felt the inspiration of his presence, and who had known that he had dedicated forty years of his life to the work of redeeming China—these men were wondering at the mysterious providence that had taken him from earth after scarcely a week of actual presence in his chosen field. But Horace Cleland saw, what his associates soon learned to see, that the influence of Peale's death on the missionary spirit of Princeton students would be worth all that it cost. It will outlast the forty years that that student saint had hoped to give to China, and will bring forth fruit in consecrated

lives as long as sin remains to be eradicated and as long as there are sinners to be saved. So shall it be with Occidental College. Hereafter, our young men will have one of their own number to cite as a splendid example of unselfish devotion and consecration. Horace Cleland's work, the work God intended him to do, was done just as well as though he had lived a hundred years.

"But such service as God permitted him to render here, was rendered faithfully, efficiently, and successfully. In all things, he was to be trusted—in his social relations, in his scholastic duties, in his athletic recreations. I am thinking not only or mainly of the vigorous athlete who did his duty well and manfully on many a field of physical contest. Rather am I thinking of that manlier Christian who ran his appointed race amid the temptations of life, and who has won a triumphant victory. Now shall he run and not be weary, now shall he walk and not faint.

"He is pre-eminent in my recollection as the one who never permitted sport of any kind to interfere with the most careful performance of his daily tasks. Pleasant always, ever courteous, enjoying keenly all that should be enjoyed by a young man of moral energy, he yet did not make the mistake of putting the unimportant first. Duty first seemed to be his motto. And yet I take it that duty first meant to him no lack of rational enjoyment. He proved to us that he gets most out of life who is doing his duty best, and he is most likely to be ready for a call to the next world who is obeying the call of duty in this.

"But Horace Cleland did his work more than faithfully; he did it efficiently and successfully. As long as human nature remains unchanged, as long as God wills that effort shall be prerequisite to progress, more will be required of us than mere faithfulness. Horace Cleland had mental power as well as moral purpose, and he used them both effectively in the service of God and man.

"His intellectual abilities and scholarship were of a high order, and so, when it became necessary to seek an able man for part of my work, my thoughts naturally turned to him. He, however, deemed it best not to accept the position, and you will think that the condition of his health was the cause of his decision; but it was not so. Full of hope that amounted to confidence, he felt that he was at last ready to take up the work to which he had dedicated his life. I was weak and very feeble; but this boy of mine had come to think himself strong again—strong for work, strong, if need be, for conflict. I was about to rest and to seek health; he, earnest, enthusiastic, hopeful, was anticipating a call.

"And the call came. Not, indeed, the call he was anticipating, not a call to the ministry of service to which he had looked forward so eagerly; but yet truly a call, though the messenger who presented it was not the moderator of a Presbytery but the angel of the Lord calling him home.

"There is a custom in the Peruvian navy of singular beauty and pathos. At the monthly muster when the roll is called, the list is headed with the name of Admiral Grau, Peru's most distinguished sailor. At the mention of his name, an officer steps forward, uncovers, points upward, and says: 'Absent, but accounted for! He is with the heroes.'

"Horace Cleland has answered the call. We who knew him are meeting here today to do honor to his memory. Often hereafter we shall think of him; not seldom shall we meet and speak his name. It may be that no such circumstances of pomp and splendor as characterize a military or naval pageant, shall mark those meetings any more than they mark this; but that will matter naught. We shall call his name—the name of this good soldier of Jesus Christ, the name of our son, our brother, our pupil, our

classmate, our friend. We shall call his name, 'Horace Cleland',—and, thank God, all who knew him will answer confidently: 'Absent, but accounted for. He is forever with the Lord'."

Reference has more than once been made to the diary found after Horace's death. Certain extracts from it were read by Dr. J. A. Gordon at the funeral services, and better than all else, perhaps, they showed his fellowship with Christ, his implicit trust in his Father's love; the secret of his overcoming life. These, with certain others, have been inserted with the prayer that other lives may find his hidden life an inspiration.

"Oct. 1, 1904. (First Entry.)

"On this first day of October, 1904, I make a solemn covenant with my God—that if He will draw near to me this year, and keep me very close to Him, and reveal Himself and His will to me 'in demonstration of the spirit and of power'—I covenant and agree to serve Him just in the way He will have me, in the place He will have me, at the time He will have me,—to use all my powers for his glory; by His help to crucify self that I may be like unto Him. Trusting Jesus Christ as my Savior and Friend; and the Holy Spirit as my Sanctifier and Comforter, I give myself in a new and loving consecration to Thee, my Father and my God. Oh, use me for Thy glory, in the way that seemeth best for Thee. And unto Him who is able to keep me from falling and to present me faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God, my Savior, be glory and majesty, dominion and power both now and forever—Amen."

In Memoriam

"It is my purpose as I begin this new year of the Seminary to live nearer my Master than I have ever lived before. I shall try to attain this end in two ways:

1st. To scrupulously observe the morning watch. To meet Him and study His word before I meet others or study human words.

2d. To try to do some work, however small and insignificant it may seem, for Him *each day.* The present alone is mine—'for who can know what he shall do the coming day?'

"Dear Lord, give me a greater hatred of sin—let me catch something of Thy vision of sin, but give me with it a vision also of Thy love for man and Thy saving grace—a passionate passion for the lost."

"Lord God, may I not be satisfied with anything short of Thy highest purpose for me. May I live very near to Thee this week and accomplish something for Thee. O grant to me a vision of Thee and of the cross, my Master, such as I have never seen before."

"Give me a greater ambition, a deeper passion to win men for Christ—May I be true to the great privilege Thou hast given me."

"Jan 1, 1905.

My New Year's resolve:

To do always the things that are pleasing to Thee."

Help me, Dear Master, to be true to this resolve. I want to begin and end each day of this New Year with Thee, and live with Thee every moment between. Help me, Father, to realize this purpose."

"Wrote letter to H— and also to R— Dear Master, use both for Thy glory."

"May 19.

Reached home yesterday. Today is my birthday, 23 years old. My God accept today a renewed con-

secration of my life, my powers, my talents for Thee. I would use them for thine honor and glory and the upbuilding of the kingdom in foreign lands."

"Nov. 2.

News received of Jack Peale's death in China.

"Blessed Master, Thou doest all things well: we cannot understand thy dealings but we would trust thy wisdom and Thy love. Bless the work he has been called from. Use his death to spread Thy kingdom in China, and to bless this Seminary. Oh Master make and keep me faithful even unto death. Accept from me a renewed consecration this night—if Thou dost want me to take up the work that Jack laid down—dear Master show me very plainly just where it is and when I should go to it. O blessed Lord let me give to Thee a joyful and a faithful service."

"Dec. 31, Jan 1, 1906.

"Alone in front of fire in little room at F—'s watched out the old year.

May this year, 1906, be pre-eminently a year in which I shall learn wonderful lessons in the school of prayer, 'Lord teach me to pray.' I would feel ever the constant and abiding influence of my Savior and learn to trust Him and rely on Him and commune with Him as never before. Let me leave everything in Thy hands, O, Lord, Teach me a trust and a surrender that I have never known before. And oh my Lord *teach me to pray.*"

"May 19, 1906. My birthday—24 years old.

Jesus Christ, my Master, I want to dedicate and consecrate myself anew to Thee today, and not for today alone, nor for this year alone—but forever. Grant me this year:

1st. A greater, truer devotion to Thee.

2d. A greater love for men and longing to win them.

3rd. A greater faith.

4th. More power in prayer. Teach me to pray and to love prayer.

5th. Greater devotion to and deeper lessons from Thy Word.

6th. An entire consecration to Thee.

7th. A closer walk with Thee—a fuller baptism of Thy Holy Spirit. Let me live up to this verse this year my Master: 'Not to do mine own will but the will of Him that sent me.' "

"Dec. 3d, 1906.

Two years ago today I made this entry 'Thou knowst best and doest all things well.' Lord grant that I may never come to doubt that sentence; but even when things shall seem far from 'well' to my eyes may I be able to realize that Thou art my Father and that all things work together for good to those who love Thee.

"Now Lord in the closing month of another year I ask Thy blessing. Keep me very close to Thyself and give me a deeper Spiritual and Christian experience. Give me the spirit of continual communion and of ever increasing gratitude. Thou hast given much to me—grant one thing more, a grateful heart, not thankful when it pleases me, but such a heart whose pulse shall be Thy praise.

"Guide me now all this month. Make it a glad month because it shall be one lived in Thy constant presence. Keep me from sin or from aught that shall displease Thee. Help me to be a blessing to others."

More than once reference has been made to Horace's desire to carry his Savior's message of life and truth to that larger world of darkness lying beyond our own borders. He died with that purpose unfulfilled, leaving us his mission

and its responsibility. The final plea he makes to the young men and young women who read this little volume, being borrowed from the cemetery of Princeton College, is inscribed on the head-stone beneath which he sleeps:—"Go to the heathen," it reads, "they cannot die as I die." It is his last call to definite, far-reaching service — that service which constitutes the high aim of every worthy life. Shall we not heed it, eager to finish a work of world wide, eternal scope? Not otherwise can some of us do our Lord's work.

Princeton Theological Seminary-Speer Library
1 1012 01040 1729